

-----  
Title: Echo Verses

Author: Leshok Majere  
-----

Echo Verses.

Sitting alone upon my  
thought in melancholy  
mood,  
In sight of sea, and at  
my back an ancient hoary  
wood,  
I saw a fair young lady  
come, her secret fears  
to wail,  
Clad all in colour of a  
nun, and covered with a  
veil;  
Yet (for the day was  
calm and clear) I might  
discern her face,  
As one might see a  
damask rose hid under  
crystal glass.  
Three times, with her  
soft hand, full hard on  
her left side she knocks,  
And sigh'd so sore as  
might have mov'd some  
pity in the rocks;  
From sighs and shedding  
amber tears into sweet  
song she brake,  
When thus the echo  
answered her to every  
word she spake:  
Oh heavens ! who was  
the first that bred in  
me this fever ? Vere  
(Ver.)  
Who was the first that  
gave the wound whose  
fear I wear for ever ?  
Vere.  
What tyrant, Cupid, to  
my harm usurps thy  
golden quiver ? Vere.  
What sight first caught  
this heart and can from  
bondage it deliver ? Vere.  
Yet who doth most adore

this sight, oh hollow  
caves tell true ? You.  
What nymph deserves his  
liking best, yet doth in  
sorrow rue ? You.  
What makes him not  
reward good will with  
some reward or ruth ?  
Youth.  
What makes him show  
besides his birth, such  
pride and such untruth ?  
Youth.  
May I his favour match  
with love, if he my love  
will try? Ay.  
May I requite his birth  
with faith ? Then faithful  
will I die ? Ay.  
And I, that knew this  
lady well,  
Said, Lord how great a  
miracle,  
To her how Echo told the  
truth,  
As true as Phoebus'  
oracle.

#### LOVE THY CHOICE.

Who taught thee first to  
sigh, alas, my heart ?  
Who taught thy tongue  
the woeful words of  
plaint ?  
Who filled your eyes with  
tears of bitter smart ?  
Who gave thee grief and  
made thy joys to faint ?  
Who first did paint with  
colours pale thy face ?  
Who first did break thy  
sleeps of quiet rest ?  
Above the rest in court  
who gave thee grace ?  
Who made thee strive in  
honour to be best ?  
In constant truth to bide  
so firm and sure,  
To scorn the world  
regarding but thy friends  
?  
With patient mind each  
passion to endure,  
In one desire to settle  
to the end ?  
Love then thy choice  
wherein such choice thou

bind,  
As nought but death may  
ever change thy mind.

What Cunning can  
Express.

What cunning can express  
The favour of her face ?  
To whom in this distress,  
I do appeal for grace.  
A thousand Cupids fly  
About her gentle eye.

From which each throws  
a dart,  
That kindleth soft sweet  
fire:  
Within my sighing heart,  
Possessed by Desire.  
No sweeter life I try,  
Than in her love to die.  
The lily in the field,  
That glories in his white,  
For pureness now must  
yield,  
And render up his right;  
Heaven pictured in her  
face,  
Doth promise joy and  
grace.

Fair Cynthia's silver light,  
That beats on running  
streams,  
Compares not with her  
white,  
Whose hairs are all  
sun-beams;  
So bright my Nymph doth  
shine,  
As day unto my eyne.  
With this there is a red,  
Exceeds the Damask-Rose;